

**S I T O**

**RT. 8 BOX 477  
PLEASANT HILL  
ORE. 97401**

Fri Nov 7, 1975

Tim:

Here's a letter Kasey got  
from Jean Mayo concerning  
(1) TAPES and also (2) the  
photo of the pupae of the  
carpenter ant.

Let's assume we  
can use the photo until  
we get a definite  
absolute NO from the  
photographer.

Babs



Sept 22, 74  
City Heights 1562 Grant  
S.F. Calif 95959

Dear Tim:

I Called Doyle, he said Sept 18 he ~~had~~ was no longer your lawyer + hadn't seen you in 3 weeks.

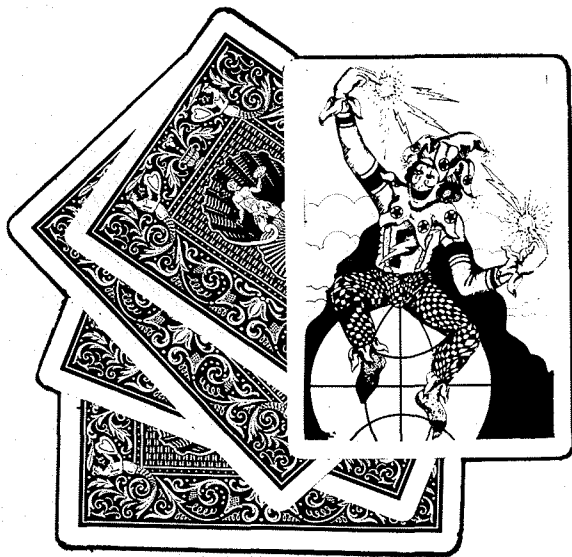
Charles in S.F. handling Calif. Cases says he has no instructions for him to contact you, no instructions from you, nor any word in last months.

As you're not as of Sept 20 represented by an attorney in present situation, and as no friend except perhaps, Emma is in any contact, and that we (outside here) don't know, I phoned Justice Department + John Phillips P.R. man said he would get message thru, and mail.

S.F. Sept 20  
Enclosed my statement at Press Conference. It seems to cover most possibilities without rancor or sentimentality. Rubin, Ram Das, self + others all spoke from respective character modes. News reports I've seen or you may have deduced adequately represent the "symposium", which it was more near to like.

Most of all I've seen re. yr. situation has been Village Voice + other stories somewhat demeaning to you — mostly material fed to reporters by Justice Department. I mean their whole re-writing of history is not helpful, <sup>or accurate</sup> whatever your present course of action.

Especially obnoxious are the terminology of "Protective Custody" fed to News media by Federal Agencies — See Voice P9. Aug 23-30 "He is being held in solitary confinement because federal law enforcement officials fear he might be killed by those he has turned against." This seems to me to be nonsense + bad poetry — especially dangerous as it puts



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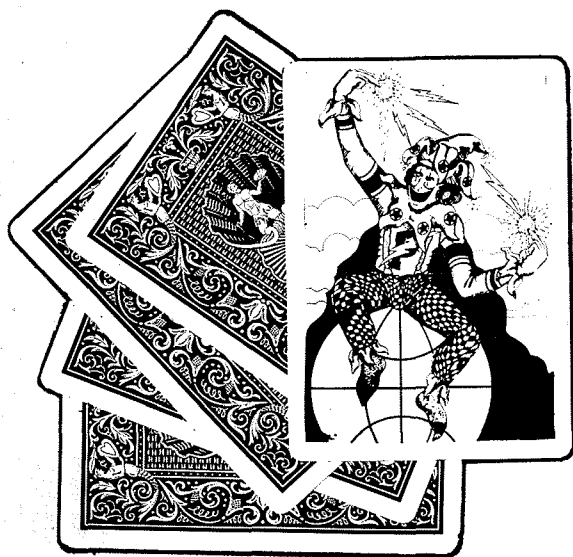
RT. 8 BOX 477  
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An interesting couple  
of letters I'm forwarding  
to you to read. I  
don't know if this  
man will get something  
in on time or not —  
seems unlikely now.

I don't want the  
letters back. Use them  
or read them and circular  
file them.

Babs.





**S I T O**

**RT. 8 BOX 477  
PLEASANT HILL  
ORE. 97401**

Nov. 17, 1975

Dear Tim;

SITO  
Received the manuscript  
and will be going over ~~the~~ it  
it shortly — I'm still working on  
my's issue in what spare time I  
can find between Job hunting,  
writing, and borrowing money to  
pay bills. I'm in worse fiscal  
shape than New York City.

Here's a couple pieces of  
mail that came in today.  
I sent your manuscript  
to Wilson.

I'll write more fully  
later. Be patient with me.

Babs.





**S I T O**

**RT. 3 BOX 477  
PLEASANT HILL  
ORE. 97401**

Mar. 2, 1976

Tim;

My respectful condolences <sup>on</sup> ~~for~~ the disappointing results of the parole decision. Allen Ginsberg called me last night — that's how I heard. He didn't say how he got the news.

He asked me what I thought about his launching a literary campaign on your behalf. Writing a letter and sending it to distinguished people in the literary field for their signatures.

In light of your publishing endeavors, I told him I thought it was a good idea but that he should write you and seek your opinion. I gave him both your address and Jay's (in case there is an approved persons list at M.C.C.) so you should be hearing from him shortly (if not already).

I was too optimistic too fast on the flyers being all mailed out by today. I failed to keep close enough track on the budget and found myself with flyers in hand, ready to be mailed, but not enough money in the bank to pay for it.

Reason being, we've been paying the workers every day or\$/ so instead of waiting until the job was done and paying off then. Reason being, everyone's broke and wants the money right away to tide them over the bill-busting days. But now David Butkovich has taken a steady job as maintenance man at Staffordshire, a somewhat-wealthy, retiree, set-in-th-woods, development being carved out of a former farm on the Willamette River only a few miles from here. This means I'm taking over more and more of the details of 88Books, Dexter (right-on-handed) Detail Department, just as I should have from the beginning but in those days Butko was out of work and hurting and I wanted to share the job and its ~~XX~~ pay with his family.

Point is, we're spending about half and half on wages ~~ay~~nd post office. 1500 bucks so far have come here on 88Books Job. About nine hundred gone to printing up flyers and envelopes and paying people for work. About six hundred gone to Uncle Sam for permits, box rentals, and mailing fees. I wrote Jay and said I thought another five hundred (hate to keep hitting you up this way, unh, blow after blow, they keep coming in. Say, did I ever tell you the lyrics to the non-denominational, religious song I wrote once? Heavenly Bliss. Heavenly Bliss.

Tell me Lord, has it come to this?

That with each blow, God insists

On bestowing your brow with his merciful kiss.) would do the job in and leave a few bucks in the account to cover additional mailings of checks and overtures which by the way are now arriving (two this morning) in response to the flyers and the way I know is that they are coming to Dexter not Pleasant Hill so we have done an accounting thing by changing our address in mid-ad. The responses from the magazine ads will all come to the Pleasant Hill address but the flyer responses will come to Dexter. Good for us!

I'm working on the bridge between my and you (yuk) and when it is typed will send you the xerox so you can go over it for okaying or changing. Hope you and Allen can collaborate. I'm all out of inspirational spirits-raising quips so will close with the informal reminder that you'll be hearing from me again as our projects continue in spite of their ups and downs and the entrance of disruptive forces . . .



*Babbs*